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"What? Learn Music by Mail?" they laughed



"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"

ONE day after lunch the office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe?" some one called to me. "Just reading an ad," I replied, "about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy!"

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was *hard?*"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then! Fred Lawrence sneered: "The poor fellow *really* believes he can learn music by mail!"

"Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it!" I cried. But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the *last* laugh *myself*.

My Chance Arrives

Then came the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we had to sit around inside. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. Some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag'," shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further. I heard a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone; can't you see he's mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I began fingering the keys, and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes a fellow jumped to his feet and shouted, "Believe me, the boy is *there!* Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was having a whale of a time. I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm," and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a tenpot right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, "I want to apologize to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play *by mail?*" exclaimed a dozen people. "That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play but couldn't afford a teacher, and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Folks," I continued, "it was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was fun right from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or tiresome exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

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Delicate piquancy and intrigue are the keynotes of this camera study

TWO DEVILS FOR DEVLIN

By Robert Leslie Bellem

A WOMAN'S breasts were no novelty to Al Devlin. But these were different. Al had a copra plantation, with a side-line of pearl shells, on the tiny south sea island of Tongalusa and the light-hued native girls who wore a string of pearls and an amiable expression had become an old story.

"Maybe I'm dead!" Al said, tearing his eyes away from the smooth white breasts and permitting his gaze to travel upward.

The girl who was leaning over him smiled. She didn't seem to realize how low her dress was cut in the

Loa-loa could wiggle in a G-string like nobody's business.



(turn over)



"Listen, big boy. Your lady-killing charms are being wasted. You're just another case to me," she told him flatly.

neck. She was dressed in crisp white. She had reddish-gold hair; her eyes had an amber tint; her nose was just the tiniest bit tip-tilted, and her mouth was red and smiling. Here and there a stray freckle intruded itself.

"No, you're not in heaven. You're in the hospital at Port Wytka. And you're not to talk!" the red-haired divinity said.

"Port Wytka?" Al said wonderingly. Why, Port Wytka was seventy sea-miles from Tongalusa, the better part of a day's journey in a launch! "What about my plantation?" he protested.

"Sh-h! Concussion cases are supposed to be kept quiet."

Al pondered. Then he grinned a little. "When did Earl Carroll bring his chorus down here to act as nurses?"

The girl in white blushed. "No matter how ill, you must live up to your reputation, mustn't you?"

"Have I a reputation?" Al said in surprise.

"All over the islands. You're a lady-killer. But you can't work your charm on me. I'm strictly business, and you're just another case."

"How long have I been here and how did I get here?" he persisted.

"You've been here a week, dead to the world, and a fat native chief brought you."

"Old Illybo?"

She nodded. "I think that's who it was."

Al smiled. "I thought the old



blighter had run off. I misjudged him! Wow, what a scrap that was! The last thing I remember was being bashed on the head, and jumping into the lagoon."

"It's a wonder you weren't killed. You have a hard head."

"And a soft heart. In fact, every time I look at you my heart gets softer."

"You're still delirious! Now go to sleep."

"I'll only dream about you if I do."

"Well, see that your dreams are moral." And she left him.

In the week of Al Devlin's convalescence that followed, he came to the conclusion that the hundred or more previous times he had been in love were but passing phases of dementia. There was no one like Alice Denny, the red-haired nurse.

"That's great," he had said when he learned her name.

"What's great?"

"Your being Alice Denny."

"Why?"

"Because you won't have to change your initials when you marry me. Alice Denny, A. D., and I'm Al Devlin, also A. D."

"Who said anything about marrying you?"

"Oh, lots of girls! But I turned 'em all down. I was waiting for you to come along."

"You take a lot for granted." She flung this parting shot and left him.

But he was persistent. The next

(turn over)

time she came in he said, "Listen. You've got to marry me."

"Why?"

"Well, you know everything about me there is to be known. You've bathed me and changed my clothes and all that sort of thing. You've got to marry me to save my self-respect. You've compromised me!"

She laughed. "If I married every man I've taken care of, I'd be a polyandrist a hundred times over."

"That's a good word. What does it mean?" he teased.

She smiled gaily. "Listen, do you think I'd marry a man with your reputation? Why, you'd two-time me the first chance you got. No, I'm a one-man woman for a one-woman man."

He blushed. "Oh, I know I've got a name for that sort of thing. But I'm a changed man now. Won't you give me a chance to prove it to you?"

"Well," she hesitated. "I'll tell you what: if, after you leave tomorrow, you can prove that you'd be faithful for—a couple of months, I might listen to you."

"That's easy! Just watch me!"

"That's the trouble—I can't watch you! But I tell you what I can do. I'll let you take my house-boy, Chong, back to Tongalusa with you. He can report to me about you. Would you be willing to do that?"

Which was how Al Devlin came to go back to Tongalusa with a Chinese house-boy and a heart full of resolutions.

The first thing Devlin did when he got back to his island was to clean out his household staff, which consisted of three native girls. One in particular, little Loa-loa, objected strenuously.

"Chinaman can't take place of Loa-loa!" she complained.

"Oh, yes he can! He's a good cook and he knows how to do housework!"

"Don't you want your Dawn-Blossom?" the girl cried as she leaned over him.



Loa-loa wiggled sinuously. In view of the fact that her sole garment was a G-string, the wiggle was very effective. She was a rich gold color, and her form would have passed muster in any Ziegfeld show. "Chinaman can't do this!" she said seductively.

"He'd better not or I'll throw him out on his ear!"



"My hero!" she grinned at him.

Loa-loa came closer. "Can Chinaman kiss like Loa-loa?" she whispered.

"I don't know. Why don't you try him and see?"

The girl frowned and backed away. "Loa-loa no kiss Chinaman! Loa-loa only kiss Tuan Dev-lin!"

"Not any more you don't! I'm a good boy from now on! I'm sorry, Loa, but that's all over. Good-bye and good luck, and here's a box of stogies for you as a parting gift."

"I hope you noticed that," Devlin said to Chong.

"Me see. Me tell missie Denny," Chong answered.

That same night old Illybo, the chief, dropped in for a visit. Al was glad to see him. "So you managed to beat Rarapu off after all?" he said as he offered the native a swig of gin.

"You save Illybo's life. Illybo no forget. Illybo repay. Wait and see!"

"But Illybo has repaid already!" Al protested.

"No. Illybo repay. Wait and see!" the old man repeated mysteriously, as he left.

Al Devlin went to bed early. He was tired after the first day back at work. He went to sleep immediately, but soon awoke with the feeling he was not alone.

Al stared. Two native girls, as pretty a pair as he'd ever seen in the islands, young, fresh and absolutely pajamaless, were in his bed, one on each side of him!

"Me Tolu!" "Me Toa-lea!" they said softly.

"What in the devil are you doing here, both of you?"

"We present to you from Illybo. You like us some, maybe?"

"I don't *want* you to belong to me! I have other plans!" Devlin said angrily.

"Maybe you like just one of us tonight, eh? You like me stay and *her* go?" Tolu's face was close to him. She pointed at Toa-lea.

"No! Me stay, she go!" Toa-lea said sharply.

(turn to page 62)

By Prue Guinan



Unwelcome

LYOBE slipped from the bed and wriggled her pink and white body. Her nightgown dropped to the floor. It was one p.m., early morning for Broadway.

The meager handful of clothing she had been wearing when she and Eddie entered the room the night before was heaped upon a chair. She began putting on step-ins and stockings before going to the bowl to wash.

Eddie rolled over on the bed and looked at her. He was wide awake.

"Well, honey," he said. "At least we had a beautiful last night together."

"Right, Eddie. You've still got plenty of the old S. A. But it's like I told you last night. You can't book this double any longer, as you know. Eddie and Lyobe Morris have been over the routes so many times that even changing material don't help. We're old stuff to everybody who ever saw a vaudeville show. What we need is a new combination, and we can't have that and stick, too—right? I'm sick of wearing out my half-soles duckin' from one booker to another and tryin' to fake prosperity to the bunch of Broadway phonies who are all as bad off as we are. So I've decided that Ben Rosedale is my way out. It'll be a different kind of an act for me. It's like gettin' a new start. Ben's a talented kid, too."

"Well, I didn't finish tellin' you. The Acosta dame's been after me to double up with *her*, and I told her I didn't know yet. But I suppose I can snap her up now. She's got a nifty routine of gab she just bought new, and there's more taps in that kid's feet than a wood-pecker's got



The blonde-by-decision screamed as the rusty house dick blew in upon them.

Danger!

in his bill. I think I can sell an act with her and me in it. It'll be fast, and brand new."

"Sure you can, Eddie, and more power to you. You get me, don't you, kid? No hard feelin'. I wouldn't hurt you for the world. But if we can't work together, and the managers won't buy us, we got to split, that's all. And as long as I got this chance with Ben Rosedale and you got the chance with Myrtle Acosta, why let's grab 'em. No sense in starvin'."

Eddie reflected a moment while Lyobe cleansed her face with some cream and the corner of a towel.

"Ben likes you, don't he, Baby?"

"Well, why else would he be propositionin' me, Eddie?"

"That's the way I feel about Myrtle too."

"And there you are!" Lyobe indicated triumphantly. "Course you and I can go on being married to each other, but what's the sense of a marriage with one party cheatin' in Topeka, and the other party cheatin' in Sioux Falls. You know how it is. Ben'll marry me the minute I'm free, and the chances are that after a week on the road with Myrtle you two'll be yellin' for a parson to come and do it, also."

"Yeh. No gettin' away from it. That's the way things get between partners. Well, what do you want me to do?"

"It's simple enough, Eddie. Just bring some broad up here to the room and let me know and I'll come up with the house dick and ketch you. We can get an absolute decree that way. And it don't have to be Myrtle, if you don't want to drag her into it. Just tell her what we're

(turn over)

gonna do, and then go down in the lobby and pick somebody up. Say you do it tonight."

"But, look here. . . ."

"What's the matter? That's the way they all do it, ain't it? The guy lets himself get caught, that's all."

"Yeah. But you're kind of rushin' it, ain't you?"

"Well, if it's got to be done—the sooner the better. Ain't that right?"

"Yeah, I suppose so. All right. Say you make it about eleven tonight. I'll get somebody up here, and everything'll be all set. But don't let the dick break in the door cause they may put it on the bill. Just rap loud. I'll open the door."



"Come to papa, sweetness. You can't go by-by dressed like that," he said.

Eddie stalked through the lobby that night until he found precisely what he wanted. She was blonde, by decision, and looked quite as though anything that came out in the papers about her wouldn't do her reputation any harm. She looked, in a word, as though she didn't have any reputation at all worth bothering about.

She was seated on a settee in an alcove, reading a pink-covered tabloid, and smoking. As Eddie sank down at the other end of the divan she put her cigarette on the rim of the ash tray between them. When she reached for it again it had burned away to little more than a cylindrical ash. She withdrew her hand disgustedly.

"Have one of mine," Eddie offered courteously, and extended the pack. She smiled and accepted one. Lyobe had given Eddie a lighter for his birthday. It worked for the blonde-by-decision.

"Now, what'll we talk about?" Eddie grinned.

"You begin," she suggested.

After a while she threw away the tabloid and they got confidential. As Lyobe remarked in the morning, Eddie had plenty of the old S. A. and very little S-A-P. When they got up to take the elevator the blonde carefully looked all about.

"You didn't see the house dick anywhere, did you?" she asked Eddie.

"No. But then, I wouldn't know him if I saw him. Come on. It's

all right."

"I hate house dicks," said she, as the elevator took them up.

"I don't take many of them to my little round bosom either," replied Eddie.

Her name proved to be Edith, and she was wearing a dress with a plaited skirt, so it didn't take her long to get that off. She said she wanted to preserve the plaits.

Eddie had a bottle of what-all-the shootin's-fer and gave her a drink.

"Where did you get this licker?" she wanted to know.

"What do you want, baby, a pedigree? You ain't buyin' a dog. Look, I'll drink with you to show you it's safe."

They finished the drinks and Eddie looked at his watch. Nine-thirty. And Lyobe and her raiding party weren't due before eleven. Well, no use wasting an hour and a half.

They settled down to finish the bottle, and Eddie started to neck the young lady just to keep himself interested. Shortly before eleven o'clock there was a rap on the door.

"Don't move!" said Eddie.

Edith had sat up at the first sound, and now jumped to her feet. "I'm going," she said, starting to duck out to the fire-escape without a dress, and with her unhooked brassiere flapping around her like water wings.

"Come 'ere!" Eddie exclaimed, dragging her back. She struggled with him but he hung on. All this stalling for nothing? Wothahell!

The rapping became more insistent and demanding.



"Wanna smoke?" he asked the girl.

"Now keep quiet!" Eddie said, and thrust his unwilling guest into a chair. She sat there tense and white-faced a moment, then abruptly relaxed. "Oh, tahell with them," she said. "Give me a cigarette before you open the door."

Eddie tossed her the pack from the table beside the bed, following it with a folder of matches. The door panel seemed ready to split from the pounding it was getting.

Eddie turned the knob and yanked the door open, pushing back his hair sheepishly.

Into the room blew the runty house dick with his soft hat on the back of his bullet head. Just behind him was Lyobe, wearing a mantle of righteous wrath.

They looked about, both showing a shocked expression. Then the de-

(turn over)



She snapped out of her dress in a flash —in order to save the plaits.

tective gave a yell like a man struck from ambush. With a leap he was on top of Eddie and pounding him about the head. Edith screamed. Lyobe looked at them as though they were all crazy. Then, seeing Eddie getting the worst of it, and taking rights and lefts with just about every part of him but the arms he had raised in defense, she grabbed the telephone and banged it down with all her might on top of the dick's head. He hit the floor like a sack of wet meal. Lyobe reached down, put the telephone back on its stand, and hung up the receiver.

"What's the idea?" she demanded of the stunned detective. "I told you to come here to Mr. Morris' room with me and see what there was to see. I didn't tell you to assault him!"

"But you don't get the idea," said the detective, jumping up and staggering Eddie with more rights. "That little blonde is my *wife!* Take that, Morris, and that, and that!"

In The Swim

Which to put it mildly is suiting the action to the word, according to Grace Chandler's story

YUH can't see the half of it, dearie!

This black eye ain't exactly a royal bull decoration, and I'm still limping some, but it's the collegiate collection of bruises in Harvard Red, Yale Blue and Princeton Orange and Black, to say nothing of Dartmouth Green, what I got parked on them parts of my anatomy not on view to the general public that would give yuh more of an idea of the swell time that was had by all.

Where at?

Why at a college PROM! Where else at would yuh expect anybody to come home from looking like they had just recovered from the Bubonic Plague, or been run over by a couple of cheer leaders?

When Mickey Marshall gives me the come hither to promenade myself up to the beer and pretzel institution where he was in for four years I wasn't exactly thrilled to a hot tomale over the idear.



When she lost her costume, she thought it time to dive!

(turn over)

Yuh see, dearie, I'd made a New Year's resolution to lead the pure and simple for a change, and I'm not one of them low downs what make and break their resolutions the same week.

So I thought I'd ward off my destiny by running double, for awhile anyway, long enough to grease the skids of life with a little alimony. What's that? Yuh say yuh think a Prom would be a good place to pick up the necessary article wearing pants that show? Listen to me, dearie, college men make the grandest sugar papas, but for an honest-to-Gawd-bring-home-the-bacon-daddy oh, I could laugh myself into a state of semicolon.

A Prom, dearie, is a hifalutin' title for a Plumbers' Ball. They've got the same trimmings otherwise. Wine, women, and song are the same old tools of the devil since Eve invented ferment and torment by the simple act of sinking her upper set in a choice Ben Davis, whether you spell 'em that way, or call 'em Gin, Broads and Whoopee!

That's why I turned Mickey's sinful invitation down flatter than a nail hammered in by a woman. I knew only too well that PROMS were not conducted along the lines of a Wednesday night prayer meeting. But he kept urging me for old times sake, me and Mickey discovered our first red kiss together, so after saying NO absolutely positively five or six times I gave in as us weak sisters always do to cave man tactics. And, anyways, I figured it wouldn't interfere with my leading the pure life since Mickey's reformed just like me and is studying to be a minister. Though I might have knew, dearie, that D. D. can stand for Dirty Devil as well as other things.

But let me spill in your ear, dearie, the awful truth about this Prom.—It'll paralyze you. Though it was conducted under the divine influence of Christianity, so to speak, it was a wow! Their high tide was a Costume Ball, your gentleman friend concocting said costume out of the billboards of his imagination.

Yuh'd be surprised at the single-track minds them ministerial students had. They could have been put in jail for infringing on the copyright of Eve's original little sin. And Gawd knows what Mickey was suffering from when he drew up the specifications for me, water on the knee, maybe. Or else he'd been reading that doggerel of Bill Shakespeare's, for my costume was "nothing much before, and harf of that behind," if yuh can wrap the shreds of your mentality around that, dearie.

Of course I was flattered, any woman would be, to have a man think yuh wear a brassiere size number 28 with a couple of tucks, when I really have to wear a forty-fo—. Never mind, that's nobody's business, not even yours.

When that costume was delivered to my hang-out at the Deaconess' Home, I gave Mickey a ring to find out where and why the eighth letter of the alphabet they had only sent me a couple of patch pockets of chiffon.

"Patch pockets?" yells Mickey, getting temperamental.

"That's your costume! You're supposed to be a water-nymph!"

So I says, sarcastic like, "thank Gawd for the water!"

But it didn't penetrate, my remark, I mean. Now wouldn't that have socked yuh more bow-legged than yuh are already?

Needless to say it didn't overwork me to get dressed. Just as I was



"Why turn the spotlight on me?" she whimpered as they dragged her out. "I'm all lit up already."

stretching a point on the chiffon Mickey calls me up.

"Be sure to wear the flowers I sent you, Yvonne," he articulates airily. "They're the crowning touch to that costume I designed."

"Well, if I had yuh here I'd put a crowning touch on yuh that yuh'd be an Unknown Soldier even to your own family," I sneezes back. "I'm getting a cold in my head already, due to your lack of chivalry, cash and cloth. What in Gawd's name will I pin them water lilies to anyway?"

"Use your ingenuity, old hoss," says Sir Walter Raleigh the Second, as he hung up on me.

But I didn't have any with me, dearie, and the Heaven what is supposed to protect us poor working goils had closed at noon that day, so after much exercising of the old bean I gets a piece of ribbon, ties it around my meridian, stick that bunch of pond posies inside it, and wears 'em

(turn over)



"How was the Prom, dearie?" she asked.

as a boutonniere! Don't look that up, dearie. You'll never get over it.

The hour for the Prom finally rolls around just as I'm getting ready to catch double pneumonia, and I get another jolt, dearie. There was *two* Proms, both going on at one and the same time and in the same place. If yuh can deduce the Einstein of that, dearie.

Yuh see this was one of them *trial marriage* colleges. Men and girls both. And the idear was to see if yuh could stand each other at the same table seven mornings a week. Restraint from throwing the coffee cups at each other's head was considered the same as a publicly announced engagement.

Then came the War of the Sexes! The males suddenly went big head, turned up their olfactory organs at the domestic brands and went in for classy importations like me, dearie. Of course that made the local dames madder than wet cats, so they got the hot idear of staging a Prom of their own on the same date and in-

"Well, darlin', I'm still limpin' and I've got a collegiate collection of bruises in Harvard Red, Yale Blue and Princeton Orange and Black."



viting that tricky species "the man back home." There was only the one place to hold both armies so it soon got to be quite a mixed tea party, if yuh can sip the Oolong of that, dearie.

The college ribs had outguessed the boys in providing that which agitates the dogs by having a twenty-piece orchestra composed entirely of moaning saxaphones as against the mere fifteen blue shakers signed up by Mickey's gang. And when they both played at the same time without the technicality of having the same tune, well, bring on your Hell and Damnation and let's see what they got what's worse!

The two camps was as chummy as a pimento cheese sandwich and a strawberry shortcake in the middle of the night without a soda mint in the house. The girls were out to avenge their insults, and their insulators were as well prepared as they might have been if they had taken their scorned women more seriously.

Mickey had got another of them

(turn over)

shockingly bright idears of his and had had the swimming pool drained, decorated up to the nines with the orchestra hidden behind a clump of bullrushes along the side, dim lights and the rest of the stage settings of a sinful suite.



Some flowers, a smile and a sprinkling of imagination and she was dressed.

The effect was a stunner, and more than crabbed the rival attraction's dancing space unless they used the men's lockers, and of course, no self-respecting female would go in such a place without a special invitation. And, anyways, Mickey and his fellow Reverends were holding those locker rooms in reserve under a padlock as a peach of a place for a pie-eyed intermission.

For after all, dearie, a Prom without liquidation is like going to a petting party with a cracked lip. What's the use?

Well, the aforesaid intermission was a bit long, I'll admit, and when we came back our hilarity had increased in tempo per ratio per bottle. The first moonlight dance was the next scheduled and Mickey had ordered all the lights turned out except for a huge golden moon that resembled the rest of us, being full and a bit wobbly on its pins.

The music commenced to order everybody to button up their overcoats. Gawd, maybe I didn't wish later that I had one to button and we plunged back into the whirl of the dance.

Plunged is right! Right into the swim of things, I'll tell a listening world. We were up to our necks in the coldest, nastiest tasting water ever flavored with formaldehyde!

Them hell cats and their up-from-the-farm Don Juans had flooded the pool while we were intermissioning, and had aided and abetted the dastardly deed by attaching an extra

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GINGER SNAPS

Judy: "You had no business to kiss me!"

Rudy: "It wasn't business, my dear. It was a great pleasure!"

SINCE ONE WHIFF OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT MADE EVE BLUSH AT HER IMMODEST EXPOSURE, STRAIGHT - FROM - THE - SHOULDER STEVE THINKS IT'S TIME TO PASS THE APPLE OUT TO A COUPLE OF CHORINES HE COULD MENTION.





Fluffy Ruffles wants you to know that she has been leading a fast life, but is on her last lap now.

Dumb: "Were you ever crossed in love?"

Dumber: "Humph! I've been double-crossed and how!"



He closed the door softly so that the sleeping woman might not be disturbed.

The Madame Oversleeps

By Frank Kenneth Young

TRAMPING from England through France may not agree with the popular conception of Summer sport, but Hampton was afflicted with the malady commonly known as "Wanderlust," and it led him frequently to seek adventures in far places. He was but thirty.

Stopping one evening at a small village, the name of which is immaterial to the story, he learned that the check for which he had wired had yet to reach him, and he was without funds with which to pay for a night's lodging. The innkeeper refused to take a chance on an unknown Englishman who might or might not have a check coming from home, but suggested that some kind-hearted individual might be found somewhere in the village. Hampton was grateful.

Strolling toward the outskirts of town, he came upon exactly what he wanted, a neat, little cottage sitting back from the road a bit, and looking very homelike and hospitable. His rap at the door was answered by a good-looking, middle-aged Madame to whom he explained the circumstances of his plight, and of whom he begged the favor of shelter for the night.

"Certainement, Monsieur," she replied, ushering him into a plain, little living room. "You have walked a long way, and you are tired. It is only right that you have rest and sleep."

"But where is the Monsieur?" asked Hampton, gazing curiously about the room.

The Madame explained that her husband had gone on a journey from which he had yet to return.

"But what does it matter?" she asked naively. "Monsieur, the Englishman, is most welcome nevertheless."

She conducted him to the room he was to occupy, and explained that inasmuch as it led from the room in which she herself slept, it might be well were he to retire first.

"And in the morning," she said, "do not rise until six, please. For then I, too, shall have risen, and you may pass through my chamber without fear of embarrassment."

Hampton thanked her profusely and retired. Being weary from his long walk, he slept soundly and awoke in the morning feeling much refreshed. He wondered, while dressing, if the Monsieur had returned home during the night, but assumed that he had. Then glancing at his wrist watch, he saw that the time was many minutes past six. Doubtless Monsieur and Madame were up and waiting breakfast for him. He opened the door of his room and stepped boldly into the adjoining chamber.

Mon Dieu! Surely, there was some mistake! There was no Monsieur to be seen, but the Madame was very much in evidence. She had not yet risen, much less left the room! In fact, she was reclining upon the bed in voluptuous abandon, apparently sound asleep. As the night



(turn over)



"I had the pleasantest dream about you," she told him.

had been warm, she had neglected to wear the usual sleeping garment and allowed the single coverlet to slip to the floor!

Hampton gasped as he glimpsed her unconcealed charms so temptingly disclosed, and would have stumbled back through the doorway had she not opened her eyes at that moment and seen him regarding her.

"What, Monsieur?" she exclaimed, starting up with flushed cheeks and bright eyes.

"A thousand pardons!" he stammered. "As it is past six, I assumed that Madame would be in the living room, else I should not have entered here."

"Ah!" she said softly. "It is the big mistake. I forgot to inform Monsieur that I have the habit of oversleeping. But what does it matter, Monsieur?"

"Er—it is nothing, I suppose," stammered Hampton, "unless, perhaps, my untimely intrusion has been embarrassing for Madame."

Her smile broadened; her bright eyes grew warm and glowing. Slowly rising to a sitting posture, she slid long, bare legs over the edge of the bed, and sat for a moment saucily regarding him. Then she rose and moved forward.

"It is nothing," she murmured in low tones. "For last night, I dreamed of the good-looking Monsieur, and there were no doors between us!"

Hampton coughed and dropped his gaze. "But the Monsieur, Madame's husband, did he not return in the night?"

"No, my friend," she answered. "Several months ago he went on a journey, and I did not expect him to

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MAD, BAD, BABY

By Eldon Lynch

The Story So Far:

Julie Rose, a little dancer known as "Broadway Baby," bitterly resents it when Dad Kinney, her platonic "sugar daddy" pays attention to another woman. To make him jealous she asks Philip Eliot, a prominent artist, to make love to her before Dad. He does so, but Dad seems not to care, so Julie desperately suggests that Philip and she marry. After a hasty marriage she telephones Dad, but instead of being enraged or jealous he congratulates her! Julie is heartbroken and dazedly consents to accompany her unwanted husband on a "business" trip to Boston, by boat.

By accident she finds three paintings of a nude woman in Philip's suitcase, and, shortly afterward, sees him walking the deck with the woman who posed for the pictures! She believes he planned to meet her on the boat.

After Julie has gone to bed she is awakened by a searchlight shining in her face. A strange man, muttering something about the "sketches," is entranced by her beauty and makes love to her. Seemingly hynotized by his caresses, she makes no resistance and is horrified to find herself responding. . . .



He swept her hungrily to him, kissing her rapturously.

(turn over)

SUDDENLY the lights were switched on and the next moment the man beside her was wrenched violently away. Still lethargic from the unknown intruder's sensuous love-making, Julie glanced up and saw Philip, white with anger, deal a blow that sent the white-haired man reeling. There was no fight, not even a quarrel. The intruder skulked silently away, nursing his cheek, and Philip locked the door behind him.

"So he's got you, too, has he?" he asked of the bewildered girl. Then, as she only stared, puzzled, he laughed harshly. "Or is he another 'platonic' friend, like Dad?"

"Why I never saw this man before!" she exclaimed, outraged. "I was asleep to-night when he came in. I heard him say something about some sketches. He never even knew I was here until I sort of screamed a little. Then, he seemed to forget what he'd come for. He—well, he kissed me and, I don't know, I just felt too weak to call out . . . "

"Don't you know that that is Old Fascination, who boasts of being able to 'get' any woman he wants?"

Disgust seized her at this startling information. She had heard plenty about the man whom the show girls all called "Old Fascination." Many times she had listened scornfully to their vivid stories of the old man's amorous conquests, of his strange and unfailing power. Now she shuddered, filled with horror at her own weakness. She should have killed the loathesome creature! He was, undoubtedly, taking advantage of a foolish superstition that some silly woman had started. Strange power indeed! She almost wished for another chance in which to prove what little power he had over her, at least. There was no doubt that the man knew how to love, how to please a woman's senses. He could, she thought, make surrender a very pleasant thing, but to make it an inevitable and certain thing — that she did not believe. It amused her to learn that Philip believed in it.

"His wife is on board, too," he went on, morosely, "She's very beautiful and he's terribly jealous of her."

Julie began to understand. That tawny-haired woman, then, was Old Fascination's wife, and he was jealous of her! He had entered the stateroom to-night in search of those sketches of her! And after he got them, then what? Would he be satisfied to destroy them? Or would that one, wickedly inviting painting make him want to avenge himself on the man who had painted it? Julie was uneasy. Not that it mattered what happened to Philip, but murder is a very mussy business whoever the victim is.

"Well, run back to your deck

Fashions in Love

LADY in your underwear
I could kiss you half to death,
Fondle you and find you fair
As we mingle breath with breath.

Dimpled shoulders sigh for love;
Through your frail brassiere I see
Twin delights you cannot hide
Fashioned just for ecstasy.

Don't put on that evening gown
Though it makes the others stare,
I prefer you as you are,—
Love me in your underwear !

—*By Jed Ross.*

chair," she said, suddenly conscious of her disheveled self, "I must get some beauty sleep."

"You don't look as though you needed much," he remarked, unable to take his eyes from the delectable picture she presented, "and I'm *not* going to run along. You're my wife, and as long as there are men like that



Philip, white with anger, sent the other man reeling.

old fool, I intend to stay here and protect you."

Their eyes met, locked, hers defiant, his burningly triumphant. At last she turned away, pulled the covers up to her shoulders and mumbled a grudging "g'night!" After a brief silence she heard little sounds that indicated he was undressing. A few moments afterward he climbed up into the top berth. He remained quiet and motionless for so long that she surmised he had gone to sleep. She, too, closed her eyes.

The guttural, eerie sound of a fog horn awakened her. She couldn't have slept long, because it was still dark outside, but in the short time she had slept a storm had blown up. She could hear the patter and swish of rain on the deck outside, and the boat itself pitched and tossed frighteningly. The movement increased until she began to wonder if there was any danger.

Well, might as well read, she knew she couldn't sleep while the boat tipped like that. She pulled on the bedlight, leaned out over the edge of the bed to reach for a magazine. The boat, suddenly tilting, dipped so low that she lost her balance and was thrown on the floor. Before she could rise, a leg swung out from the top berth and Philip jumped down.

(turn over)



"Until tonight," he said in parting.

He cradled her slight form in his arms, his eyes fixed anxiously upon her. "Not hurt, are you, dear?" he questioned.

"No. Put me down, please."

He reluctantly placed her in the berth, then sighed loudly. "Lord, I don't know which are most becoming to you, rompers, or pajamas!" he said, smiling down at her.

She continued to stare at him stonily, and, after a moment, he leaned over, buried his head in the lace at her breast. "Julie!" he whispered unsteadily, his hands on her shoulders, "Julie, why are you so mean to me? Don't you like me at all!"

"No, I don't. *You* have no strange power over women!" she replied mockingly.

"But *you* have over men!" he cried, his lips burning through the silk of her blouse. "Julie, Julie, I want you, awfully!" His eyes begged, implored her.

"How much longer must I endure this?" she inquired acidly. How *dared* he act like that? The memory of those paintings in his suitcase seared her with all their hateful implications. "If you persist in behaving so abominably, *I'll* take a deck chair!"

"Wrong. You are going to stay right here with me where you belong. I married you because of a foolish whim that you had, but that was before I knew how desire could torture a man. I'd do anything for you, you know I would! Why can't you help me? Let me hold you, kiss you, at least." Then, as she remained cold and silent, he gripped her shoulders hard. His breath came jerkily. The veins in his forehead showed, blue, trembling. He bit his lips in a struggle for control.

Angered at his clutch upon her shoulders, she twisted sharply about. Her movement loosened the slender ribbon straps of her pajama blouse. Hastily she endeavored to replace the

severed garment, but he held her arms down, his eyes frankly feasting upon the beauty thus uncovered. With an incoherent, pagan cry he swept her hungrily to his breast, bending her head far back with the fierceness of his kisses. When the torment within him had been somewhat appeased, he allowed her to sink back, exhausted, on the pillow.

"Don't be too angry, my dearest," he whispered and, with a lingering glance at her, he reluctantly climbed up into the top berth.

For a long, long time, she lay motionless in the dark, living over and over again those mad, passionate moments when Philip's lips had claimed and possessed hers. Useless to deny that his touch had thrilled her as she had never known a woman could be thrilled. Useless, too, to deny that she longed, with every throbbing nerve of her to call him back, to give him the love he had wanted so badly. Then, recalling those paintings, the brazen-haired woman with her kiss-provoking mouth, Julie froze again. No second-hand love for her, thank you! She regretted having allowed him a single kiss.

Sleep was impossible after that for her, though the deep, measured breathing of her husband assured her that he, at least had fallen asleep. She lay and watched dawn creep through the shuttered window.

Stealthy footsteps in the corridor caused her to sit up, alert and listening. In the dimness she saw a white square slide under the door. A letter, apparently! She waited, while the soft footfalls died away, then, noiselessly she rose, stole across the room and took the envelope. It was not sealed, and, regardless of the name "Philip Eliot," scrawled across the message, she opened it, praying that he would not awake. There was just one line, hastily written in a decidedly feminine hand.

Destroy the pictures at once or my husband will kill us.

In less than an hour, the ship would dock at Boston and, without a doubt, Old Fascination would



She glared as she read the letter written in a feminine hand.

(turn over)

search for the paintings as soon as they landed. There was no time to waste. She hated her husband, so she told herself very vehemently several times, but she couldn't stand by and see him murdered in cold blood.

He chuckled but did not turn, so very quickly she re-arranged the contents of his suitcase and softly closed it. Then she dressed.

"We dock soon, better hurry," she said briefly and went out on deck.



"If I find he's painted a picture of you, I'll kill him," her husband yelled.

Tearing the letter in tiny bits she tucked the pieces away in a pocket of her suitcase, and then, keeping one eye upon the sleeping man in the top berth, she opened his suitcase and extracted the rolled drawings. Hastily she unwrapped them, placed them in her own suitcase and then wrapped the paper around a magazine, so that, if Philip looked, he would think the paintings were still there.

"Not up already, Julie?" Philip's voice drawled sleepily.

"Yes—I'm, I'm dressing. Don't look!" she managed to mumble, despite the fright caused by his question.

There was no sign of Old Fascination or his beautiful wife and she was rather relieved. She sat alone on a small folding chair, her troubled eyes fixed unseeingly on the water below. When they began to near the dock, she rose and went back to the stateroom.

Philip was just leaving, carrying both suitcases, but she insisted upon having her own and, surprised and not a little displeased, he finally surrendered it.

There was a large crowd below, waiting for the gang plank to be lowered, but nowhere could she see the two people she hated. Filing up the plank, sometime later however

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A Pen and Ink Sketch Symbolizing Desire

By Lester Roberts



The Bird In The Jilted Cage

J. TORRINGTON SMELL was not a wrestler, but he had spent a goodly portion of his twenty-nine years in either falling or being thrown over. He had been falling for girls for fifteen years, and fourteen years had been spent in being thrown over by the girls he fell for. Now the composer of three successful musical comedies in collaboration with his friend Kelsey Hammond, he found himself once more left in the lurch.

Peggy Black was the offender this time, Peggy Black, the diminutive and peppy star of the first two Smell-Hammond music shows. J. Torrington had actually managed to stay en-



A lovely girl was just getting out of the tub when in he stumbled, a very much scared Knight of the Bath.

gaged to Peggy for three consecutive months, but at the last moment she had packed up and eloped with an Argentine beef baron and gone off to live in a South American castle, leaving her fiance and his new show in an embarrassing predicament.

"Oh, it's terrible!" J. Torrington groaned when Kelsey Hammond, with whom he shared a luxurious Park Avenue apartment, broke the news.

Kelsey grinned. "You got all the best of it, my lad!" he stated with conviction. "You're lucky and don't know it."

"But, Kelsey, I loved the girl!"

"A man's a fool to fall for some nitwit dame and let her get him all google-eyed. Me, I hate the sight of the creatures!"

"But you don't know what real love is, Kelsey!"

Smell sat down at the ornate grand piano and strummed the keys reflectively, producing soft and melancholy chords. "It's beyond me how you, a woman-hater, can write such soul-stirring love lyrics," he said.

Kelsey grinned. "Oh, it's easy. I just close my eyes and say to myself 'Well, what would you write if you were damned fool enough to be in love?' Then whatever I write, well, there I am."

Smell sighed mournfully: "Well, I guess Peggy is well on her way to South America by this time."

Hammond started. "Yes! We've gotta dig up a new soprano for the rehearsals. Here, let's see, somebody was telling me about a young dame with a good voice and not much experience. She might take the job

(turn over)

during rehearsals until Katz and Kohn sign up some other star for us. Can't hold up the rest of the cast just because one dame decides to take a run-out powder. Oh, here's the address, over on Sixth Avenue. Take a run up that way, won't you, and look this chicken up?"

Smell took the slip of paper.

It was a shabby-looking brick dwelling which bore the number corresponding to that on the slip which J. Torrington Smell consulted. He mounted the worn stone steps and pulled an old-fashioned bell-handle.

A slatternly woman opened the door. J. Torrington doffed his hat, glanced at his memorandum again, and, clearing his voice, politely inquired "Is this where Miss Donna Hissup lives?"

The woman regarded him with apparent suspicion: "What do you want?"

"I heard she was looking for an engagement, and—"

His grim-visaged interlocutress relented a little. "Oh," she said, opening the door a little wider. "A job for her, eh? Well, you can come in. It's time she was landin' somethin'. She owes two weeks' board bill. Go right upstairs. She's on the third floor back. Go right up."

As he mounted the first flight of stairs, he heard a voice, pure and melodious, emanating from the regions above. When he reached the room from which the singing came, entranced by the voice, he forgot the formality of knocking. Grasping the door-knob impatiently, he turned it and shoved. J. Torrington stumbled awkwardly into the room and was met by a horrified shriek of dismay.

He raised his eyes and beheld a very beautiful and very nude young woman!

He staggered back, his eyes roving the tiny room as though seeking escape. Why, it was a bathroom and this young woman was just stepping out of the tub when he opened the door!

"I beg your pardon!" he gulped and stammered dismally.

The girl threw a bath-towel about her, it covered her most incompletely, and glared through her blushes. "How dare you!" she stormed. "Didn't you hear me singing?" she demanded.

"Yes," he repeated. "I heard you. That's why I came in."

"Well, when you live in a place like this, singing means to stay out. That's why I was singing because there wasn't any lock on the bathroom door."

He managed to open the door under discussion. "I'm sorry!" he pleaded. "I didn't realize—"

She shoved him out and slammed the door after him. "The idea!" she sniffed.

He ventured to tap on the closed portal. "I beg your pardon, but I'm looking for someone," he protested feebly.

"Well, look some other place. I want to come out of here and I haven't my bathrobe."

"But—but can you tell me where to look?" he persisted.

"Where to look for what?"

"Why, for Miss Donna Hissup."

"What are you, a bill-collector?"

"No. I want to see her about a singing position. Do you know her?"

"Know her?" the voice was no longer fretful. "I *am* her! A singing position, did I hear you say, or are my ears deceiving me?"

"You *are* Donna Hissup, then? Oh, I was sure of it when I heard

your voice!" And absent-mindedly, J. Torrington Smell opened the bathroom door again.

There came another shriek and then something warm and wet, something that felt like a bath towel, was flung over his uncovered head, masking his face and eyes. Something soft and yielding bumped into him. He reeled, and felt a perfumed presence run past him with a little excited gig-

"Oh, Kelsey! She's the most wonderful, stunning, ravishing creature."

Hammond peered at J. Torrington Smell quizzically. "My lord, have you fallen again?"

Smell explained blushingly: "And —and she's going to have dinner with me tonight!"

"Where?"

"Here."

"Oh, hell! That means I've gotta



"That sounds great," he said excitedly.

gle. By the time he had untangled himself from the bath towel and blinked his eyes, the bathroom door was open and he was alone in the hall.

A soft voice called to him from behind a door a little further up the hall. "If you won't be so impatient, I'll put on some clothes and we can talk like civilized human beings instead of naked savages."

"No savage could sing like that," J. Torrington protested.

"Well, did you find her?" Kelsey Hammond looked up as his co-worker entered the apartment a bit later.

go out! Damn women, anyhow."

But J. Torrington didn't hear him. He was busy at the piano composing a new love-song.

Later that evening, Hammond, pausing before he went out, shook an admonitory finger at his partner. "Remember what Peggy did to you!" he said in warning tones. "Don't go putting your foot into another mess like that!"

"The trouble with you," said Kelsey Hammond to J. Torrington Smell over their breakfast coffee three weeks later, "is that you're too slow. You don't know an opportunity

(turn over)

when you see one, and even if you recognized it you'd be too dumb to take advantage of it."

"What do you mean?" asked J. Torrington.

"I'm talking about this Hissop female. You're crazy about her, aren't you?"

Smell shook his head. "I've sent her flowers and candy and raised her pay and promised her the understudy role in the show and she just smiles at me and says 'Thank you' and that's all I get."

"Listen, kid! You know that dame's got a voice and lots of It—she could hold down the lead herself and get away with it like a million bucks, and you know it. What's the answer?"

"I don't know. What is the answer?"

"You boob! Arrange for her to get the lead part—on condition, see?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that!"

"Why not? It's being done every day. They like it, I tell you! Fair exchange is no robbery."

"But how could I go about it?"

"Oh, that's a mere detail!" Hammond said with an airy wave of his hand. "Leave everything to me, kid!"

So J. Torrington Smell left everything to Kelsey Hammond, and two nights later the stage was set. Donna Hissup was invited up to their apartment to go over certain interpolations in the score of the show, and, incidentally, for a snack of supper.

When she arrived, J. Torrington was alone. "Where is Mr. Hamond?" she asked as he awkwardly helped her to remove her evening wrap.

"He, he had to go out," her vis-a-vis explained with a flush. "You'll stay for a bite anyhow, won't you?"

They ate, and retired to the comfortable living room. Smell sat at the piano, and for twenty or thirty minutes they devoted themselves to the music under discussion. Then Smell swung about.

"Miss Hissup, Donna, how would you like to have the lead in our show, instead of just the understudy part?"



"You mean I'm to be the leading lady?" she gasped unbelievingly.

he asked.

She rose from where she sat, her breath coming in sharp gasps. "The —the lead?" she said in unbelieving

amazement.

He nodded.

"But, you're joking?"

"I'm not! Here is the contract, see?" He showed her the ready-prepared form that represented everything she had dreamed of for years.

She sank down on a chair, limply. "Oh, it can't be true!" she said slowly.

"But it is!" he said. And then he did a curious thing. He took the contract and its duplicate and deliberately strode over to the wall-safe at one side of the room, opened it, and carefully placed the papers within its steel confines. He set a hand and twirled a dial. The door snicked shut.



As the bath towel struck him, a perfumed presence swept past him with a giggle.

She looked at him curiously. "Why did you do that?"

He blushed heavily and his voice squeaked as he answered. "That's a time-lock safe," he told her, "and it's set for seven tomorrow morning. It can't be opened until then."

She stared at him questioningly.

He tried to explain. "The contract is yours, when the safe opens, if you'll wait for it."

Understanding came to her suddenly. She rose to unsteady feet. "I'll take my wrap, please!" she said.

He was taken aback. The thing wasn't going according to Hammond's premeditated plot at all! She was turning him down!

It was nine the next morning when Kelsey Hammond returned to the apartment. J. Torrington Smell was dressed; there were blue circles under his bespectacled eyes. Donna Hissup was gone, the wall-safe was open, and the signed duplicate was on the table.

"Did it work, old timer?" Kelsey asked jovially.

"She left at seven-thirty this morning with the contract," Smell answered.

"Atta baby! Old Don Juan himself!" And Kelsey Hammond smote his partner a mighty thwack on the back.

Exactly thirty days from that morning, with Donna Hissup a smashing success in the Smell-Hammond musical hit, Kelsey Hammond looked keenly at his partner over

(turn to page 56)



A photographic composition in contrasting tones of black and white which is highly effective

TROPICAL LURE!

By Malcolm MacGregor



Slowly her body began to sway to the wild tune on the phonograph.

IT WAS Mareea, the golden skinned, black haired, petite half-caste girl, who had prevented Tuan Jim Holiday from visiting the meager civilization of Moari for more than six months. Now as his schooner came in out of the coral sea and anchored at the cove of Moari, his first thoughts were of her. The thoughts were pleasant memories of the past mixed with a certain dread of the future.

That first time he set foot on Moari, the half caste Polynesian had

(turn over)



Pepeta almost gasped as his strong arms bound her tightly to him.

given herself to him as completely and unreservedly as only such a girl will bestow her affections on anyone who really touches her heart. Because he was lonesome and found that she was the answer to all his desires, Tuan Jim had taken all she so willingly offered.

But Tuan Jim was new to the tropics then and had heard strange tales of what happened to white men who took natives or half castes for sweethearts, and had run away even when he wanted to stay. He had also heard how fickle is the affection of a half caste, and since an unpleasant affair with a woman in the States had driven him to the South Seas, he was not anxious to have it repeated. He had come to love Mareea greatly and had postponed his visit to Moari because he feared a meeting with her would cause him to weaken. But business for his copra plantation, a small island several hundred miles from Moari, had made it necessary for him to return.

As soon as his boat anchored, he hurried up the beach to the one hotel Moari had to offer. Two men and one woman were seated on the veranda, and although he knew only one of the men, he nodded pleasantly to the trio. When he entered the hotel he heard a whispered conversation among them and felt certain his affair with Mareea was the topic of it.

It was not until dinner that he met the woman. She was young and quite pretty, with a mischievous twinkle in her dark eyes that should not have been there. She was introduced to him as Betty Bettison, wife of the new missionary to the Moari district. At that moment, her husband was carrying on a religious campaign among natives in a group of atolls some distance from Moari. He had feared the heat would be too intense for his wife to accompany him, and had left her in the meager civilization of Moari.

Tuan Jim found her quite inter-

esting, and long after dinner was over sat on the mosquito-netted veranda alone with her. For one so young, and particularly as the wife of an island missionary, she seemed to know much of life and possessed a great love for it.

"I hear you are the one white man who has been able to resist the lure of native and half-caste girls," she said suddenly.

Tuan Jim looked at her with surprise for a moment; then, with a smile he admitted that affairs with native girls were not included in his weaknesses.

"Then you haven't met Pepeta, have you?" asked the woman.

"I don't think I ever heard of her," admitted Tuan Jim.

"Then you should know her before you pass judgment on half-caste girls. Pepeta is the embodiment of all life, love and passion, and worships only pleasure."

"Hasn't your husband tried to convert her?"

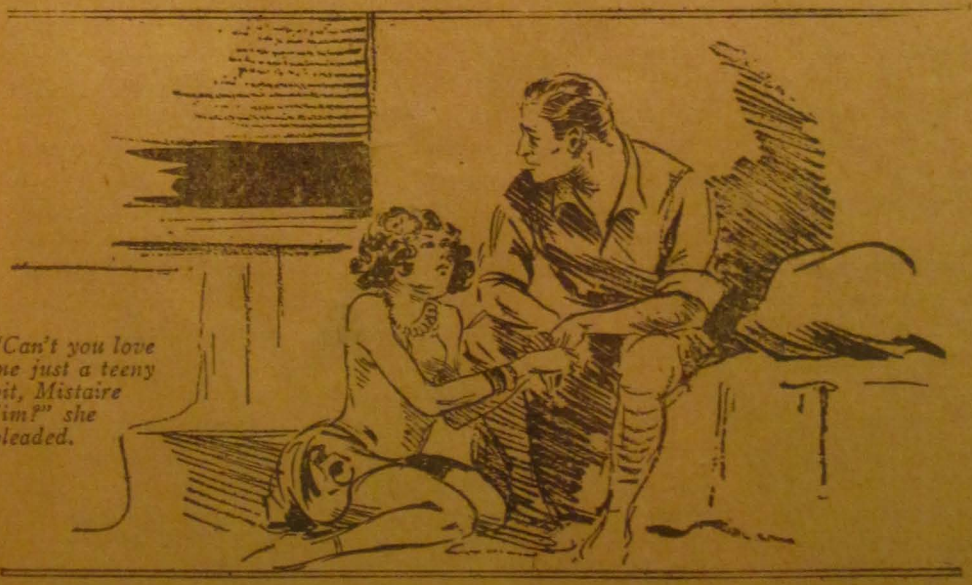
"I'm afraid my husband has reached the point where he is ready to admit he can never do anything for her. You should meet her sometime."

"Thanks, but I am quite content without her acquaintance."

"But she is very beautiful, especially in the moonlight. Her hair is long and jet black, her eyes are large and dark and one look from them is enough to make any man forget himself. To see her strolling along the beach or beneath the trees at night makes one think of Diana. I always feel that men are the object of her hunt."

Tuan Jim thought it rather strange conversation for the wife of a missionary, but he had seen before strange emotions brought to the surface by the tropic moon. He made no comment, and a short time later, after a promise to take Betty Bettison for an inspection of his schooner next day, retired to his room.

He had been in his room only a short time, writing several letters he intended to mail the next day, when he heard a faint rattling at the bamboo screen over the window that led



"Can't you love me just a teeny bit, Mistaire Jim?" she pleaded.

(turn over)

out into the garden. Looking up he saw a dainty, tapering leg, with a small leis encircling the ankle, project its way over the sill.

The leg was so pretty, with its golden hue made all the more sensuous in the moonlight, that he watched eagerly as another leg came over the window sill to join it. Dimpled knees came next into view, then well moulded thighs. He expected to see a naked girl enter the room from behind the bamboo screen, but as the body came further into view he saw that a gaudy sash had been tied about her hips, with a great knot in front. Then, with a sudden bound, the girl leaped into the room, and he saw that the sash was her only article of clothing, except leis about the neck and wrists and lotus blossoms in her hair.

For a moment Tuan Jim had feared it was Mareea, for he knew she would recognize his schooner in the harbor and would come hunting for him. But instead it was a stranger who faced him with a flashing smile of pearly teeth. The girl stood just inside the window, her smile becoming more sensuous as her great dark eyes surveyed his athletic body.

"Good evening, Mistaire Man," she said slowly in a droning voice that was almost a caress.

"Who are you?" demanded Tuan Jim.

"I am Pepeta, the desire of all men. And I have come to see Mistaire Tuan Jeem."

"I am Tuan Jim Holiday. What do you wish?"

"Ah, Mistaire Tuan Jeem! Men do not talk so to Pepeta. Ah, no, never! And especially, Mistaire Tuan Jeem, when I have come to dance for them."

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake, girl. I don't even know you."

"Ah, no, but before morning Mistaire Tuan Jeem will know Pepeta very well and will want her to come back always to dance for him and love him!"

Before Tuan Jim could say anything further, the girl walked across the room, turned on the phonograph, then glided to the center of the room. It was a tango and not the sobbing notes of a South Sea number that came from the battered machine, but it seemed the sort of wild music that suited the girl.

For several tense moments she stood with one hand on her hip and her head thrown back as she listened to the music, then slowly her body started to sway as she began a dance of her own conception. It was a weird, sensuous thing that called to all that was wild in Tuan Jim, and he felt himself growing weak as he watched her.

As the Phallic gods put into dances all their desires, so did the girl, and Tuan Jim felt the blood pounding at his temples with the same great desires. Each move of the girl made him want to crush her in his arms so tightly it would hurt her, yet he wanted to caress her bare shoulders tenderly; he wanted to kiss her lips more vehemently than he had ever kissed anyone, and wanted her to lie passive in his arms. It was not love, but carnal desire. He knew now why white men went mad over half-caste girls, and felt that it must have been real love he possessed for Mareea because she had only called to the tender romance in him.

But he was not thinking of Mareea or anyone else as he watched the sway of Pepeta's hips, the flash of her dark eyes as she let him know she found him desirable; her bare breasts that seemed polished gold in the pale



"She is a white devil. Do not let her deceive you as she did the others," urged Mareea while the other girl cowered before her.

light of the two oil lamps and fired his blood, and the appeal of her extended arms.

Before the dance had been completed, he leaped suddenly to his feet and gathered her tightly in his arms. Pepeta went willingly to him and held her lips ready to meet his. It was such a kiss as he had never before known. It was the answer to all passion, yet the keynote to more. With his lips pressed tightly to hers, he lifted her bodily from the floor and carried her to the bed.

As he dropped down on the bed beside her, Pepeta began running her fingers through his hair and caressing his cheeks as she murmured soft little words of endearment and offered no objections to the liberties he took with his hands. Every few moments she leaned over and gave him another of those strange kisses while he pressed her body close to his

(turn over)

own.

Each kiss brought the blood pounding more heavily at his temples and called to all that his body had hungered for so long. When he could resist no longer, he forced her back upon the bed where he let her lay for several moments while he feasted his eyes upon her enchanting



He looked up to find Mareea before him. "I've come back," she said simply.

body. Then, with a wild cry that came from a knowledge that he possessed her for the moment at least, he kissed her hair, her lips, her bare shoulders and breasts. When his hand reached down to unfasten the knot that held the sash about her hips, she placed her hand restrainingly over his.

"Mistaire Tuan Jeem will turn out the lights first, no?" she asked.

Amused that a girl like Pepeta should make this request, Tuan Jim arose from the bed and started toward the twin oil lamps that hung suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the room. Before he reached them, however, a rattling of the bamboo screen at the same window where she had entered attracted his attention.

Looking up he saw Mareea glide into the room. Her eyes swept past Tuan Jim to the bed where Pepeta lay, then back to him.

"Tuan Jim has let her deceive him, too?" she asked.

"Mareea! What are you doing here?" demanded Tuan Jim.

"I have come to protect my man, Tuan Jim. Long ago when we walked together on the beach in the moonlight you say you belong to me and I belong to you. So I never go to anyone else. Always I stay true to Tuan Jim. But Tuan Jim is frightened because I am not a white

(turn to page 55)



The simplicity of the posing adds greatly to the attractiveness of the picture

The Cat's Meow!

By Henry Hedberg



"This is madness but it's divine," she breathed.

LELAND Hannum's arms tightened about Nan's slender shoulders. Slowly his lips touched hers. She had been struggling, but now delightfully she relaxed.

The little mandolin clock on the mantelpiece tinkled musically. Nan sat up straight at the sound. With a soft exclamation she pushed Leland from her and jumped to her feet.

"Look, Lee, at the time! We're mad! Jack may come in at any moment. He mustn't find us here like this." She rushed to the mirror and with little feminine pats and pulls smoothed her tumbled golden curls and her charming teagown of peach-

bloom chiffon.

"Come!" She put out her dimpled hand and caught his large brown one and with a coquettish laugh led him from the room.

In the hall, she stopped long enough to brush his cheeks with her long eyelashes—her "Butterfly Kiss." Then she led him through the library door, and into the booklined room, glowing and mellow in the waning afternoon light.

Crossing to the table, she took a cigarette from a silver box.

Quietly, Leland Hannum watched her. Without a word, he took a match box from his pocket and held a match for her. He was so tall and she so petite that she almost had to stand on tiptoe to light the cigarette held in her full red lips.

He smiled down at her—the typical soldier, erect, bronzed, and silent with keen observant eyes and a firm-set mouth.

Leaning over, he suddenly took the cigarette from her lips and kissed her.

"Nan, dear," he said, "you're a pretty thing!"

He squared his shoulders, took out a cigarette and, as he tapped it on his case, said quietly:

"Who is our friend, the cat? When did she appear in our midst?"

His eyes were on a china figure set on the flat desk under the window. It was an amusing cat, a grotesque conception.

Huge preposterous whiskers stuck out from a mouth that at one moment seemed to grin sardonically and at the next appeared merely a china cat's china mouth. But the whiskers only helped to give the cat its grotesquely human expression; it was the eyes that were really responsible for it. They were slanted in an insinuating subtle knowing way that gave them a mocking sinister watch-



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"Unhand me Miss," he teased.

fulness.

"Isn't it cute?" asked Nan. "Jack brought it in the other day. Something fascinatingly uncanny about it, don't you think? I'm crazy about her."

Leland lighted his cigarette thoughtfully. Then he smiled strangely and said:

"Yes, there is a grotesquerie about

the animal. Wonder where Jack picked it up?" He laughed. "You know, Nan, I think there's something strangely like Jack himself in that cat!

"Yes," Leland continued in a curiously flat ominous tone. "I've seen your husband look exactly like that, especially when he's been watching you and me."

He turned keen eyes on Nan's troubled face.

"Oh, Lee, what do you mean? You can't mean that Jack imagines that—" She broke off abruptly.

"That you are seeing too much of me?" Leland finished her sentence smoothly. "Well, I don't know. There have been times when I have thought that he did suspect my feelings." He laughed again, a short apologetic laugh. "Silly, I suppose. But sometimes I get hunches. Used to have them when I was in the trenches. I could always tell beforehand when gas was going to drift into our trench. I guess I got a sort of superstitious feeling about myself those days."

His eyes were again fixed thoughtfully on the china cat grinning through the gathering evening shadows.

"Oh, Lee, how fascinating!" Nan clasped her hands together excitedly.

"It did come in handy for all of us once or twice—that hunch of mine," he went on. "You see it was like this. I'll give you an idea first of how our trench was so that you'll see how difficult it was to forestall—" He took a pencil and paper from his pocket and scribbled for a few seconds. Then he handed the paper to her.

"That was our line," he said. "The gas drifted down like that—where those arrows are. It might have ruined all our plans, as you can see."

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He was standing by her side. She stared at the paper and grew suddenly rigid. The color faded slowly from her face.

Leland Hannum laughed. With a swift strong motion he caught her up in his arms; he spoke passionately:

"I want you, Nan! I can't help it! You must listen. Let him go, let's go away together. Lord! How I want you!"

"Lee!" Nan found her voice. She struggled away from him. "How dare you take me in your arms? How dare you? You, of all men and I trusted you!"

Leland seemed surprised. He started at her voice and stared at her closely.

"But I thought—I thought that you cared for me, Nan." His voice was shaking.

"Cared for you?" There was a fine scorn in her tone. "Cared for you? I thought I liked you but I hate you now, Leland Hannum—hate you! Do you understand? I detest you!"

"But Nan—"

His protest was cut short.

"Go away," she begged. "Leave me alone. I want to be alone. If you don't go, I'll tell my husband the whole truth, how you've tried to make love to me again and again. I'm sick of it. I tell you, I want only Jack, just Jack! Oh, why did I ever even flirt with you? I'm so ashamed."

"But I love you, Nan. I want you."

"Stop!" Her voice was sharp. "If you don't go, I'll ring for Matthew." Her voice broke, she sank into a chair.

"All right!" Leland turned away from her. "If you feel this way, I'll go but I'll stay away. Remember that. I am no woman's play-

thing."

Leland was gone. Nan sat in the chair, near the huge center table, staring with wide startled eyes at the china cat. Its eyes seemed more sinister, more questioning than ever.

She straightened as her husband came into the room. He walked to her side, and she saw that he was in good humor.

"Home so soon?" she said slowly. "I hadn't expected you for hours yet."

Jack Pierce smiled. He was slightly inclined toward stoutness, and his small eyes, which usually seemed to glitter, were quite passive now.

"Rushed back," he said in his thick peculiar tone. "Meeting went along a little faster than I had expected. How about the 'Follies' tonight?"

"Splendid," she replied. "A little music would be pleasant."

He leaned over, kissed her upon the forehead.

"I'll run along and phone for tickets," he said and left the room.

Nan listened to his foot-falls as he went up the stairs to his room. Again her eyes rested upon the grinning slanting eyes of the cat.

Opening her left hand, she slowly uncreased the bit of white paper which Leland Hannum had scrawled upon. Again she read:

"Dictaphone in the cat. Wire under carpet to another room. Jack's probably listening in. Kick me out viciously when I make love and then meet me tomorrow at the Club Lido at eight. How's that for cat's eyes?"

Nan smiled a mischievous happy smile. She rose and walked to the humidor. As the note flamed, she glanced again at the china cat.

Its eyes were delightfully wicked. It was such a clever thing!



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Tropical Lure

(*Continued from page 46*)

woman. I have been true to Tuan Jim, but white woman has not been true to her man. Look!"

Before Tuan Jim realized what she was about, Mareea ran across the room to the bed where Pepeta lay watching her with frightened eyes. With a quick movement, Mareea grasped the sash about the other girl's hips and snatched it off.

As Tuan Jim looked, he saw that the flesh the sash had covered was white. Pepeta was a white woman!

"Don't you know her, Tuan Jim?" demanded Mareea. "It is the wife of the missionary, who at night when her husband is away stains her body and becomes Pepeta. In the day she has all men's respect, and at night selects her lovers. But Mareea has always remained true to Tuan Jim."

As Tuan Jim stood looking at the two women, one who had fought for his love and the other for his passion, the girl who had been Pepeta quickly picked up the sash, and wrapping it hurriedly about her hips, fled from the room through the same window she had entered.

For several long moments after she had gone, Tuan Jim sat in a chair watching the window where she had disappeared. Then Mareea walked slowly over and knelt down beside him, taking one of his hands in both her own.

"Will Tuan Jim now be afraid to take Mareea on to his island to live with him and love him always?" she asked.

"We'll go back in the morning, Mareea," replied Tuan Jim, and stooping down, he lifted Mareea to him.



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The Bird in the Jilted Cage

(Continued from page 39)

breakfast coffee and smiled sympathetically. "Well Donna tells me she refused your proposal of marriage last night, kid!"

J. Torrington flushed painfully. "Why should she tell you that?"

"She said there was someone else in her heart, didn't she?"

Smell nodded gloomily.

"Well, kid, I'm him!"

J. Torrington Smell looked at him with eyes popping. "You? You, the woman-hater? Are you trying to kid me?"

Kelsey Hammond had the grace to cast his glance downward. "Guess I'm not a woman-hater any more, at least, as far as Donna is concerned," he said. "We're gonna be married next week."

Smell stared at him. "Even, even knowing that she stayed all night here with me to get the contract?" he cried.

Kelsey Hammond roared with laughter. "She told me all about that wild night with you!" he gasped between chuckles. "How you begged her to stay, promised not to touch her, and then *played dominoes all night with her!*"

J. Torrington managed to summon a grin. "Well, I beat her every game, anyhow!" he said. "She can't play a good hand of dominoes." But there was a funny glint in his eye, and Kelsey Hammond spent most of his married life wondering what sort of game his wife *had* played the night she got the contract.

Mad, Bad, Baby

(*Continued from page* 32)

her watchful eyes caught a glimpse of snowy hair. Old Fascination was waiting.

No sooner had they landed than two huge men seized Philip and held him while Old Fascination opened the suitcase and hurriedly pawed over its contents. It was all done so swiftly, so quietly that few people noticed anything out of the ordinary. Philip, seeing the impossibility of breaking away from the brutes that held him, did not struggle, made no outcry. But his face whitened and took on such a tense, strained expression that Julie longed to run to him, to tell him not to worry.

Old Fascination's wife leaned against the wall, weak and trembling, her big black eyes darting feverishly about as though seeking a place in which to hide. Julie was feminine enough to feel no sympathy for her, the woman whom her husband loved!

"So! You would lie to me, would you?" the old man exulted softly, picking up the rolled package and fingering it lovingly, gloatingly. "Expected me to believe that there never had been any paintings of you, did you?" His sharp, cruel eyes held his wife's frightened ones while he slowly untied the string. "Remember what I told you would happen to both you and the man who dared paint you? Ah yes, I see that you do recall! And you know that I *always* keep my word!" He tore off the paper, his mouth suddenly grim, unyielding. A gaudily covered magazine fell to the floor!

A silly, sheepish expression on his florid face, he snatched it up, leafed hurriedly through it; then, thoroughly disgusted, he flung it down again.



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"You are delaying us. May I ask for what reason?" It was Philip's caustic voice who ventured this question. At a sign from the old man, he was released and he faced Old Fascination angrily.

"I—I was told you were carrying some—pictures of my wife," the old man stammered, chagrined and at a loss.

"But I told you that that rumor about the pictures was not true!" his wife said, triumphantly. She had recovered her poise and looked very completely the outraged grande dame.

Irritably he seized her arm and was about to walk away when suddenly his keen, white-lashed blue eyes encountered Julie's uneasy gaze. He stopped, glanced down at the small suitcase she carried. A slow smile crept over his face. He released his wife, walked deliberately over to Julie.

The dreaded possibility of this had occurred to her, however, and she was not unprepared. The grave fact that her husband's life depended upon whether or not she could successfully manage Old Fascination gave her a courage that, under vastly different circumstances, "Broadway Baby" had never had. She swung the suitcase carelessly back and forth, as though unaware that the man's eyes were fixed intently upon it.

Sitting alone on the deck that morning, just before the ship had docked, she had foreseen some such difficulty and had decided upon her own method of defense. Since Old Fascination was noted for, and proud of his ability to "get" women, in this very power, reasoned Julie shrewdly, there also lay his weakness. If he enjoyed swaying women to his will, it was inevitable that he should also like to *be* swayed. At any rate, it

was her only weapon, and she decided to use it.

When he was close beside her, but had not as yet spoken, she sidled up a little nearer, her red mouth curled up in a deliberately seductive smile. "I regret the untimely—interruption, last night," she whispered, glancing up at him through lowered lashes. "Perhaps, to-night, going back—matters could be more satisfactorily arranged." She looked up, with a boldness born of confidence in her own power, and over Old Fascination's shoulder her eyes met the agonized horrified ones of her husband.

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What is the outcome of Julie's game with Old Fascination? Find the answer in March Ginger Stories.

The Madame Oversleeps

(*Continued from page 26*)

return. He has deserted me, the rogue, and I am left very much alone."

Abruptly it dawned upon Hampton that the "accident" had been very cleverly planned; that the Madame had desired it to happen!

"No, dear Madame," he said, moving forward and placing his hands upon her bare shoulders, "you are not alone! For am I not here with you?"

"Indeed, Monsieur, so you are!" she laughed, walking into his waiting arms. "You will not start on your journey again this morning, non?"

"No," replied Hampton huskily. "No, I've a mind to stay awhile, dear Madame."

Mon Dieu, oui, he remained all Summer!

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In the Swim

(*Continued from page 22*)

hose to a seventy foot water tank nearby. I and Mickey were the first in, but the others followed with very wet smacks before we had a chance to lie about the water being fine.

The shrieks and yells would have quickened a bunch of Censors. Then the lights went on again. One of them vaunted superior intellects that colleges are supposed to turn out by the double gross actually lived up to expectations. Mickey was just pulling me out by the skin of my teeth, the only thing he could get a hold on, when the illuminations did their stuff. Honest to Gawd, dearie, I almost plunged in again.

I had lost my costume!

It turned out later, dearie, that I hadn't lost it at all. It was merely a case of guaranteed unshrinkable stuff thumbing its nose at the guarantee!

"Merciful Heaven! What is that?" shrieks the old maiden aunt of a Prexy who had to come at just that point of a watery tale to cast a benevolent eye around to see if the benign influence was working. Anyways, that was what he was supposed to be doing. But between yuh and I and a telegraph pole, dearie, he was really losing both eyes gazing at me.

"Woman!" he thundered. "Who art thou?" Though why it's always my scornful luck to be picked on I don't know. There were plenty other perfect examples of high art standing around at that guilty moment.

"Who, me?" I says elegantly, getting my back up. It was the only thing I could get up, dearie. "Say, yuh son of a lady finger, pull in your phantasmazoria. Don't yuh know a

water nymph when yuh see one? That's what I am, a coy little water nymph!!"

And do yuh know what that old Beelzebub said? "Then in the name of all the Fathers of Abraham, get into the water!"

That's a prayerful way of saying "take a dive," dearie. So I did, and that's the first time I ever took willingly to the H2O. But instead of sinking gracefully out of the vulgar glare of the limelight, I floated grandiloquently on the surface!

There's a saying yuh know, dearie, about people of generous proportions being like Ivory Soap, pure and nonsinkable. I reckon I'm purer than I thought. I inhaled enough to sink the Leviathan, but I remained within sight of all concerned. And were they concerned? A good time was had by all but yours truly. A case of stay on the surface and yuh stay all over.

So there I was like a first cousin of Lady Godiva, only my mannish hair cut didn't begin to come up to my expectations!

And then as a final publicity stunt that blankety-blank old moon takes a header out of the skylight and falls into the pool right over my head like a halo. Though, Gawd knows, a halo was not what the undressed nymphs are wearing at present. The spotlight behind that deposed moon was now turned directly upon me, just as if I wasn't lit up enough.

I tried my level best to sink then, held my breath and everything, but I was like a government bond issue. I floated on a good foundation, architecturally speaking, dearie. Well, yuh know the old saw, yuh can't keep a good man down. I guess maybe it applys to the womanly sex as well.

And while I've never fell for this

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love stuff much, I'm telling yuh straight that I'd marry the sweet minded simp for pure, unadulterated love tomorrow that blew a fuse for my sake and helped me escape under cover of the darkness and an evening cloak that didn't belong to me.

Well, I got to run along now, dearie. I'm due over at the Y. W. C. A. for my swimming lesson. Yuh see, the next time I go to a Prom I'll know how to sink!

Two Devils for Devlin

(*Continued from page* 11)

The two girls were glaring at each other now, and their voices were gradually getting louder. Devlin knew that Chong, who slept only a couple of rooms down the hall, would hear if they kept this up. And if he heard, and reported to Alice. . .

Toa-lea and Tolu were closer to him than ever, working every wile they knew, and they knew a lot of them. In spite of himself, Al felt that he couldn't stand this much longer. He jumped out of the bed and slipped into a robe.

"We dance for you!" said Tolu. And forthwith she and Toa-lea began to trip an amazing, seductive dance in the moonlight. It was a dance that could mean only one thing. It wasn't suggestive; it was downright invitational!

Al had a sudden idea. He dashed to a cabinet and came back with a couple of boxes of cheroots. "Here, take these and go back to Illybo! Here, take another box for him, too! Yes, you each can keep a box! No, don't go out the door, for Lord's sake. Climb out the window. Now, go!"

Al knew the native girls would do anything for a box of cigars, even leave what promised to be an inter-

esting party. They worked on the principle that, after all, a man was only a man, but a good cigar was a smoke! He breathed a sigh of relief as they disappeared through the window and sneaked quietly off, bare of foot, in the brilliant moonlight.

The next morning Devlin thought Chong looked at him a bit queerly, but he put it down to imagination.

That afternoon Chong was out in a proa in the lagoon, fishing for supper. Devlin lay in a hammock, taking his siesta. There was a light footfall on the veranda, and Al opened his eyes. Then he opened them wider, and opened his mouth too!

There before him stood a girl whose only garment was a brilliant-hued sarong about her middle, a girl whose hair was brown, and whose skin was almost as light as Devlin's own! Like some coryphee from the Folies Bergere she stood there smiling at him, swaying ever so little from the hips and waiting for him to speak.

"Who are you?" he gasped. Could this be a native girl? Her attire suggested it, but otherwise she seemed to belong more to Fifth Avenue than to Tongalusa.

"I'm Dawn-Blossom. I am yours."

"Mine?"

"Illybo sent me."

"You—Illybo—?"

She smiled. "Illybo realized that you didn't care for Toa-lea and Tolu, or you wouldn't have sent them back. So he gave you me."

"But, you don't talk like—"

"A native?" she laughed. "My father was a white trader. And I've gone through the high school at Port Wytka. Illybo considers me his dearest possession, but I'm glad to get out of his harem. Being a queen



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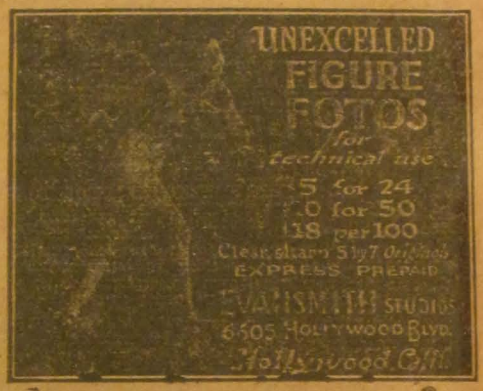
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has its drawbacks. It's confining. I think I'll like it here much better."

Al stared at her anew. She was just faintly tan, and her hair was straight and kinkless. The rest of her, well, he just stared. Then he came out of his stupefaction. He suddenly realized that there was Alice and that he had given her a promise.

"But Illybo's got me all wrong, Dawn-Blossom. I didn't send those girls back because I didn't like 'em. I sent them back because I didn't want 'em! Illybo's crazy! I don't want any of his wives! I'm going to get one of my own, soon. See? Now you go back like a good girl and put him straight, won't you?"

"You mean you don't want me?" the girl came over to him, leaned over him, her warm breath in his face. He closed his eyes to ward off temptation.

"Go away!" he said weakly.

"You would send me back to that fat old man? Look, look at me! I am young. I am fair. I am as white as you. Am I not desirable?"

He groaned. "Of course you are, damn it. You know only too well how desirable you are. But, please go!"

Her shoulders slumped. She turned away, and wandered off down the path that led to the lagoon.

Al, shaking, mixed himself a drink. If this kept up, that two months were going to be mighty wearing on the constitution!

At which moment a rich, tinkling laugh came from behind him, from the doorway of his house. He turned, startled. "Why, why, *Alice!*" he gasped. The red-haired nurse was standing there, cool and entrancing in a frilly pink frock that made her look more adorable than she'd been in her white uniform. "Alice!" Devlin gasped again.

"You here?"

She came to him. "My hero!" she said, and grinned. "Great big strong mans, to resist such temptation!"

His brain reeled. "You saw?"

She nodded. "And anyone who could resist Peg Malone in such a get-up deserves plenty of credit!" she stated.

"Peg Malone—?"

"Yes, 'Dawn Blossom'. She's a pal of mine. A nurse too. You see, after you'd left Port Wytka, I got lonely for you. I was sorry to have sent you away like that. So I got a launch, and Peg came along. It was a beautiful moonlight night and we came here to Tongalusa to see you."

"Last, last night?"

"Yes. We got here late, and Chong let us in and said you were asleep but that he'd get you up. He went to your room, then came dashing back and called us. We peeped in through a chink in your door and saw you having such a time with Illybo's envoys."

"You saw all that?" he breathed heavily.

She nodded. "I was satisfied, then, that you'd keep your word, but Peg suggested that perhaps you'd be that way only where native girls were concerned. So, with Chong's aid, we fixed up the little comedy of this afternoon. And oh, darling, I'm so proud of you!" She offered herself for a kiss.

"Then, that girl isn't half native?" Al said, after a while.

"Of course not."

"We'll let her be a bridesmaid, then!" he said. Then he whispered in Alice's ear. "She sure has *it*, hasn't she?"

"If you think so, wait till you see me!" the red-haired girl whispered immodestly.

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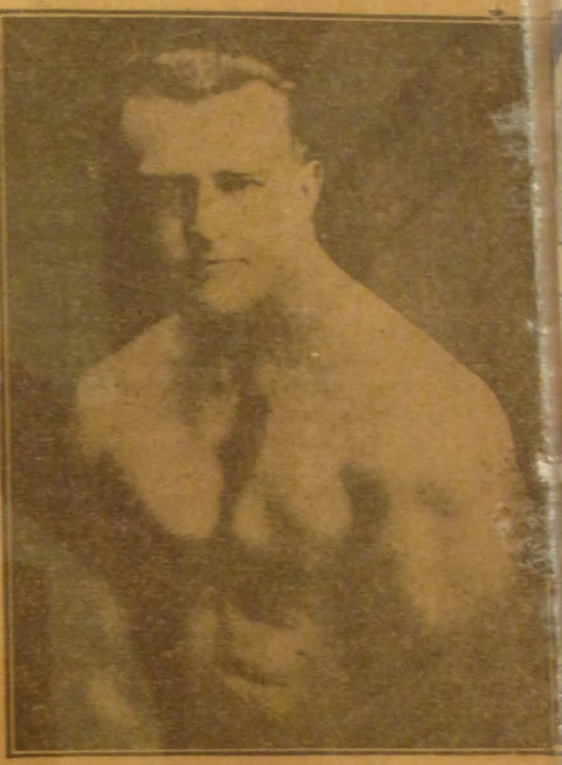
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